

A Beautiful Story.

The Green Bay Advocate has a talented and accomplished lady correspondent, who signs herself "Long-A-Coming." If she is as beautiful as some of her brilliant productions, we think she can bear the palm.—Here is one of her last effusions, done up in rhyme, and a pretty little thing it is. It is entitled

THE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

"Twas just one hundred years ago, down on the Little Suamico, a maiden, on the yellow sands, was weeping, with her pretty hands, her long and glossy raven hair. It was a civilized despair; for though she knew not "Ovid's art of Love," she had a human heart that loved with more than art: 'twas life,—all that defines that one world wife, was gone and blotted from the world; the stars and moon to darkness hurried.—Life ran, an ever widening river, to seas where darkness hung forever. Flow on thou ceaseless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow! The honeysuckle blooming wild leans down,—the little Indian child kneels down to kiss thy waves beside the Indian warrior's grave; and there the bride walks with her lover under trees that murmur in the evening breeze, nor flowers of one hundred years can equal that maiden's tears, that fell a century ago, and sanctified the Suamico.

"But why should maidens thus despair?" she said, and smoothed her raven hair.—"I'll follow in the pathless wind, and this dark river leave behind. Better die in love's endeavor, than sink in hopelessness forever."

The red stars gleam, the Whip-poor-will answers the owl under the hill. The snakes are coiled in tangle swales, the woods seem full of human walls, and fiends fit for a maiden's head, and ghostly forms from which she fled; and on the lake the lonely loon floats by the lilies where the moon casts shadows from the tall dark trees, while, softer-footed than the breeze, she steals on in the hunter's track. The moon is gone, the night is black; she, when the east the morn turns gray, sinks on the hillside far away. And there, beside the bubbling spring, where over-hanging grapevines swing, she sees the young birds in the nest hide their heads in the mother's breast. Ah, birds have mates, each has a home, but love-lorn maidens are doomed to roam. But when morn pours its golden flood, she finds a trace of fresh-shed blood—a broken arrow from his quiver, for whom she wept beside the river. Love lent her wings, away she flew, through noon-day heat till evening dew, and all the night till morn again. Alas for stony-hearted men! Love follows them with bleeding feet, through pathless woods and in the street—forgives what cannot be forgiven, and goes to plead man's cause in heaven.

Her moccasins are gone; the maid sinks down where the sun and shadow braid a carpet in the noon-day hours, and crimson drops are on the flowers; and tears are in the violet's eyes, and in the scented air the sighs, the last faint gusts, the fitful breath of life has blown her on to death. In happy hunting grounds above, she found eternity of love. And now, where are the maiden trod, the moccasin peeps through the sod. And Indians say that once "they grew as large as any maiden's shoe, and they by Indian maids were worn when other moccasins were torn." Flow on thou ceaseless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow. Take the songs the wild birds sing; take these flowers that I fling, I would your murmuring waters bore some sorrows from this fragrant shore, that those who mourn upon thy sands for hearts grown cold in stranger lands, might see the rainbow in the sky, might see the ark of Hope float by, might hail it in their deep distress, and on it float to happiness.

Schamyl's Life in Petersburg.

A St. Petersburg letter gives the following further particulars respecting Schamyl's stay in the Russian capital:

"On the day of his arrival, a compact crowd had collected around the entrance of the hotel where he had lodged, and all the points where it was expected he would pass in going to visit the chief authorities. He appeared quite at his ease—in no way disconcerted. He has an intelligent look, and the general expression of his countenance announces energy and the habit of command. His figure is tall and upright, notwithstanding his advanced age.

The next day Schamyl and his son had the honor of being presented to the Emperor and the hereditary Grand Duke, Tsar-kesselo. The presentation lasted only a few minutes. It is said he was greatly affected, and looked pale.

Schamyl went afterward to see the museums of natural history, and of the academy of sciences. In the evening he was at the Italian opera, in the box of Prince Anatole Baryatinski. M'dme. Chartyr Democure sang the part of Amina in "Sonnambula." The scene where she came down the ladder from the mill produced a great effect on the Kazi Mahomet, the Imam's son.

Schamyl is enchanted with all he sees in Russia. "Had I known your country sooner," said he, "I had seen all I now see. I should have made my submission long since." Well said, certainly, but perhaps the avowal may not be altogether sincere.—The Imam is evidently a clever man. His answers betoken considerable *épropos*.

When asked what had most pleased him in Russia, Schamyl replied, "The kind reception of the Emperor."

Amusing Story.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Seal, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cool weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Seal brought his breeches down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during the summer, and were having a nice time of it in them. By dint of effort he got out the intruders, and dressed for meeting. But while reading the Scriptures to the congregation, he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small-waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit, slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced the more they stung. The people thought him crazy; but he explained the matter by saying:

"Brethren, don't be alarmed, the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with great glee to the ministers.

Executing a Prisoner with a Judge, a Trial, or a Jury.

HOW THE "CHIVALRY" TREAT THEIR PRISONERS—SHOOTING OF THE PRISONER THOMPSON.

The testimony of Henry Hunter, one of the party of men who took the prisoner Thompson out of the parlor of the Wager House, and killed him on the railroad bridge, was not fully reported in our telegraphic despatch. We, therefore, subjoin a verbatim report, promising that the witness, a very intelligent young gentleman, apparently about twenty-two years of age, is the son of Andrew Hunter, who conducts the prosecution.

Mr. Botts, counsel for the prisoner Brown, having proposed to introduce testimony as to the killing of Thompson, Mr. Hunter, the prosecuting officer, objected that it was irrelevant, and intended by Brown only for out door effect. He added, however, that if it were shown that Brown was informed of this killing, and still continued to exercise forbearance towards his prisoners and the citizens, he would not object.

Mr. Green, counsel for defence, contended that they had a right to infer that Brown had been made aware of it as it was already proved that communications passed between him and the citizens several times after the killing of Thompson.

Judge Parker decided that the whole transactions of that day constituted a part of the *res gestæ*, and might be inquired into.

Henry Hunter called—Examined by counsel for defence.

Q. Did you witness the death of this man Thompson?

A. I witnessed the death of one whose name I have been informed was Thompson.

Q. The one who was a prisoner? A. Yes, sir.

Q. Well, sir, what were the circumstances attending it? A. Do you wish my own connection with it, or simply a description of the circumstances—shall I mention the names?

Mr. Andrew Hunter—Every bit of it, Henry; state all you saw.

Witness—There was a prisoner confined in the parlor of the hotel, and after Mr. Beckham's death he was shot down by a number of us there belonging to this sharp-shooting band.

Mr. Andrew Hunter—Will you allow him to state, before proceeding further, how he was connected with Mr. Beckham's?

Mr. Green—Certainly, sir.

Witness—He was my grand-uncle and my special friend—a man I loved above all others; after he was killed, Mr. Chambers and myself moved forward to the hotel for the purpose of taking the prisoner out and hanging him; we were joined by a number of other persons, who cheered us on in that work; we went up into his room where he was bound, with the undoubted and undisguised purpose of taking his life; at the door we were stopped by persons guarding the door, who remonstrated with us, and the excitement was so great that persons who remonstrated with us one moment would cheer us on the next; we burst into the room where he was, and found several around him, but they offered only a feeble resistance; we brought our guns down to his head repeatedly, myself and another person, for the purpose of shooting him in the room.

There was a young lady there, the sister of Mr. Fouke, the hotel keeper, who sat in this man's lap, covered his face with her arms, and shielded him whenever we brought our guns to bear; she said to us, "For God's sake wait and let the law take its course;" my associate shouted to kill him; "Let us shed his blood," were his words; all around were shouting, "Mr. Beckham's life was worth ten thousand of these vile abolitionists;" I was cool about it, and deliberate; my gun was pushed up by some one who seized the barrel, and I moved to the back part of the room, still with purpose unchanged, but with a view to divert attention from me, in order to get an opportunity, at some moment when the crowd would be less dense, to shoot him; after a moment's thought, it occurred to me that that was not the proper place to kill him; we then proposed to take him out and hang him; some person of our band then opened a way to him, and first pushing Miss Fouke aside, we slung him out of doors; I gave him a push, and many others did the same; we then shoved him along the platform and down to the tressel work of the bridge, he begging for his life all the time, very piteously at first.

By-the-by, before we took him out of the room, I asked him what he came here for; he said his purpose was to free the slaves—that he came here to free the slaves or die. Then he begged, "don't take my life—a prisoner;" but I put the gun to him, and he said, "You may kill me, but it will be revenged; there are eighty thousand persons sworn to carry out this work." That was his last expression. We bore him out on the bridge with the purpose then of hanging him; we had no rope and none could be found; it was a moment of wild excitement. Two of us raised our guns—which one was first I do not know—and pulled the trigger. Before he had reached the ground I suppose some five or six shots had been fired into his body; he fell to the railroad track, his back down to the earth and his face up; we then went back for the purpose of getting another one, (Stephens,) but he was sick or wounded and persons around him, and I persuaded them myself to let him alone; I said "don't let us operate on him, but go around and get some more; we did this act with a purpose, thinking it right and justifiable under the circumstances, and fired and excited by the cowardly, savage manner in which Mr. Beckham's life was taken.

Mr. Andrew Hunter—Is that all, gentlemen?

Mr. Botts—Yes, sir.

Mr. Andrew Hunter (to the witness)—Stand aside.

BROWN'S FAMILY.—Rev. T. W. Higginson has just returned from a visit to the family of Capt. John Brown. He found them up among the Adirondack mountains in New York, near Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, Vt. Mrs. Brown and four of her surviving children, three daughters and one son. She is a second wife, and has been the mother of twelve children. Brown had eight children by a previous wife, making twenty in all. Eight of the twenty are now living. Mrs. Brown accompanied Mr. Higginson on his return, and he went with her to Boston yesterday, passing through Fitchburg. She will leave to-day for Virginia, having telegraphed to Gov. Wise for permission to visit her husband in prison.

Why is Democratic patriotism like a German pipe? Because its mere sham.

Mummeries of Civilized Men.

There seems to be in human nature a faculty for masquerade and fantastic decoration, that is not outgrown even in civilized society. It is the same sentiment that prompts the Fijian to make his face hideous with stripes of various colors, and the Indian to decorate himself with feathers and beads, rig up his military men with monstrous bear skin caps, feathers, epaulettes, and red and yellow flannel, and to decks out secret society men with costly and gaudy regalia. Civilized men call this all nonsense, and yet they like to see it and like to appear in it. It is the way in which made human nature recompenses itself for wearing somber clothes, and yielding to women all the ribbons and flowers and other charming personal embellishments.

The most grotesque form in which this passion has of late shown itself is in the costume of the new and mysterious order of the "Sons of Malta." This approaches nearest to the barbarian style of any modern form of regalia. The order paraded in New York, a few evenings since, to the number of 500 men, and celebrated what they called the "Festival of the Seven Cardinals"—cardinal sins, for all that we know. The officers were clad in suits of armor, with vari-colored robes and plumage. Some wore crowns, some caps of red velvet; some carried swords and cimeters, and one bore a mighty battle-ax. Behind these came the untitled members, one-half of them clad in white, with black crosses on their breasts, marching on the right side; and one-half clad in black dominoes, with white crosses on their breasts, marching on the left side. Here and there was a standard bearer carrying high staffs, from the top of which floated the black and white banner, with a red octagonal cross embroidered in the centre, under which the order arrays itself. Midway between the beginning and end of the procession stalked a figure clad in white, with a grinning skull peering from under his hood, and with bony hands outstretched. The crowd unanimously named him Death, and doubtless he was intended to represent the Destroyer. Behind him, borne on a bier carried on the shoulders of men in black and white dominoes, came a huge open book, and next came a box covered with black and white cloth, on which a cross was embroidered. The tome was "the Mystic Volume," and in the box were "the Natural Bond," "the Apron of Innocence," and "the Scroll of Honor." Their music consisted of a band of bass and tenor drums, lots of them, and after marching through the city till midnight, cheered and jeered by the crowd, the Sons sat down to a supper, and didn't go home till morning. What the Sons of Malta are, or what all this fantastic mummeries signifies, we do not know. It seems very much like a regretful look backward from civilized life towards the freedom and unreason of barbarism.—We certainly hope it is emblematical of nothing in store for the race in the future.

From the New York Tribune.

Kansas Fruits.

The fruits of the great Sham Democratic scheme of forcing Slavery upon Kansas by the employment of fraud and force, seem all to have ripened at once. We have Kansas adopting a Free State Constitution by an overwhelming majority of her inhabitants, and about to come into the Union the most decidedly Anti-Slavery in her sentiments of any State in the Confederacy. The appearance of her Senators at Washington will no doubt cause some very dry faces among the Sham Democratic members of that body, but we much doubt if they will muster the courage to carry out the programme of the last Congress, and to refuse Kansas admission into the Union till she shall first conform to the terms they then prescribed. Simultaneously with this triumph of Free Labor in Kansas, we see Virginia drawing upon herself at Harper's Ferry an outbreak of the fanatical hatred of Slavery which the whole progress of the crusade against Kansas tended so naturally to generate. It is true that in a material point of view Virginia escaped easily. But her citizens suffered a terrible fright, and their conduct thus far in relation to that affair has not tended to strengthen their moral position. As a third result of the conspiracy against Kansas, and the attempt to barter away the introduction of Slavery there for a Presidential nomination, we see Mr. Douglas, the chief author and advocate of the plot, completely fallen from the eminent political position which he then occupied, desperately clinging with one hand and his head scarcely above water to the Cincinnati platform, and begging amid the boots and derision of his former warm Southern friends, for permission to be reckoned as one of the party. Instead of dictating terms to the Charleston Convention, as even a short time since it was thought he might do, he is now without power or influence, and politically as helpless as possible. Finally, we have the triumph of Republican principles through the whole of the North so gloriously concluded by the results of the election in this State, thus consolidating the strength of the Republicans, and opening the way to a similar National triumph a year hence. Truly, the Kansas outrage has been speedily and signally avenged.

A Beautiful Answer.

The wisest men may sometimes learn all important lessons from little children. We are often inclined to regard the interrogations of children as nonsense, and are sometimes disposed to turn them off with any answer, to be rid of them and stop what we esteem their idle prattle. What a multitude of little minds have in this way been biased, and what erroneous impressions received which have had their effect for evil on their future lives and conduct. They, by their innocent, simple questions, evince as much anxiety to gain a correct knowledge of the little incidents and matters around them as we do upon important and the most obscure scientific questions.

With what care, then, should we touch these tender cords in order to preserve harmony in the soul, that the youthful mind, just opening into life, may receive useful, lasting and correct impressions. The following from an exchange is truly touching, and at the same time furnishes a very important lesson to those who are entrusted with the training of youth:

"A young friend of ours while dressing a very young child, a few days ago, said in rather an impatient tone, 'You are such a queer shaped lump of a thing, it is impossible to make anything fit you!' The lips of the child quivered, and looking up with its eyes filled with tears, it said in a deprecating tone—'God made me!' Our friend was rebuked, and the little 'lump' was kissed a dozen times."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

There is Something in a Kiss.

There's something in a kiss, Though I can not reveal it, That never comes from a kiss, Not even when we steal it.

We can not taste a kiss, And sure we can not view it, But is there not a bliss Communicated through it?

I'm well convinced there is A certain something in it— For though a simple kiss, We wisely strive to win it.

There's something in a kiss; If nothing else would prove it, It might be proved by this— All honest people love it.

A Singular Story.

A correspondent of the *National Era* says he translated the following article from the *Magazine Universel*, published in Paris. As the scene of the story is placed in Washington, it would not be difficult to ascertain whether it be fact or fiction:

I am about to recount a story, which, like many others of the same kind, Mr. Thompson, a missionary, has lately told in a public meeting held on the subject of slavery.

A young physician of much merit and knowledge, made a journey from his native town in one of the northern States to a town in Mississippi. The young man, whose name was Wallis, took lodgings in a furnished house. The mistress of it, a young woman about twenty years old, inspired in him the most ardent love. Although the color of the young woman was not the purest white, the doctor having no prejudice against the colored race, offered his hand which was accepted. The marriage took place almost secretly, and the happy couple went soon afterwards to establish themselves in Washington, in the district of Columbia.

They had not been there long, where they lived peaceably and retired, when, one morning, an individual, who had all the manners and appearance of a gentleman, presented himself at Dr. Wallis' under pretense of business. The conversation proceeded, when the stranger addressed the following indiscreet question to the doctor: "Did you not bring a woman with you from the South, sir?"

"No sir; I do not understand you."

"How!" rejoined the stranger; did not your wife come with you from Mississippi?"

"I believe she was born in that country," said the Doctor.

"Well, your wife, as you call her, is my slave; and unless you pay me immediately nine hundred dollars for her purchase, I will advertise her as a runaway slave. In fact, she is worth a thousand dollars, at least; but as you have married her, I will abate something."

"Your slave!" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "that is impossible."

"Whether you believe me or not," cried the other, "you must give her up or pay the money."

"If in twenty-four hours the money is not sent to my hotel, I promise you, my dear sir, that you will see the name of Mrs. Wallis in the newspapers, as that of a fugitive slave."

As soon as the man was gone, the doctor went to his wife, whose good qualities, virtues and graces, rendered her so dear to him.

"My dear angel," said he, "when we were married, were you a slave?"

"Yes, I was," she confessed, at the same time shedding abundant tears.

"Why did you not tell me before the ceremony was performed?"

"I did not dare do it. Could I have expected you would have allied yourself to a free slave?"

"Well, now I know it, I will give the nine hundred dollars required, for I love you too much to consent to a separation."

During this short dialogue, Mrs. Wallis was laboring under the most lively agitation. She asked her husband to describe the appearance of the claimant, which he did as exactly as possible; he asked her whether the description answered to that of her ancient master.

"Yes," said she, casting down her eyes; "he is more than my master, he is my father."

A Plea for Old Brown.

The Springfield (Ill.) *Independent*, a neutral Democratic paper, which plays the lighter harmonies to the pro-slavery bass of the *State Register*, puts in the following plea for Old Brown:

"If Virginia is so wanting in policy as to hang Brown, she may yet see the truth of the old saying of the schoolmen that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' She may hang Brown, but if she does she will make a hero of him—a martyr that same class will canonize in memory, and whose name will become to them a shibboleth of a conflict that they will make 'irrepressible.' As much depends upon the South as upon the North whether the slavery question shall be made 'irrepressible.' Humanity calls for peace and fraternity, for this strife that is made irrepressible is a strife that makes uneasy sleep to the head that owns a slave. It can be made a strife of midnight raids—bloody hearthstones—desolated homesteads—a strife the very thought of which makes the heart of humanity sick. The hanging of those infuriated insurgents who now lie in the jail at Charlestown will tend to ensanguine feelings already as bitter as gall. But to imprison them—to deprive them of the coveted crown of martyrdom—will make ignominious what else were glorious. No Virginian in his senses believes that the North is impregnated with sentiments of abolitionism, and it should be their policy to work to preserve that almost universal feeling of conservatism which pervades the North, for conservatism, North and South, is the very cement which binds the stones in the arch of the Union. We sincerely trust that every feeling of humanity—of patriotism—of policy—will actuate Gov. Wise to commute sentence till the meeting of the Assembly of Virginia; and we cannot doubt that similar motives will guide that body to a judicious decision."

A NEW DRINK.—The *Evening Post* says that they have a new drink in New York, which it describes as follows:

"Minnie rifle brandy, killing two hundred yards, off-hand, must yield in potency to tangle-foot whiskey, a drink now in general use. It is made of diluted alcohol, nitric acid, boot legs and tobacco, and will upset an individual at the distance of four hundred yards from the demijohn containing it."

Northern Democrats must come to it.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, the leading "Democratic" paper in the South, in a recent article, tells the Northern "Democratic" doughfaces that they have got to go, in the Charleston Convention, for "intervention to protect slavery" if they want to "save the Union." "Democrats" will please observe the crack of the slave-driver's whip, and march to the intervention-for-slavery "music of the Union." They have got to give up "popular sovereignty," "squatter sovereignty," and every other "sovereignty" save that of their Southern taskmasters, and they will do it. Here is what the *Enquirer* commands:

"The moral of Harper's Ferry teaches that the intervention of authority, both State and Federal, is demanded as much in the State as in the Territories. Intervention is not wanted to introduce, but protect slavery. 'The average common sense of mankind,' the Republican phrase for insurrection, is but a tautologous expression for the negation of law—non-intervention. Upon the Charleston Convention will devolve the duty of drawing the line of demarcation broad and distinct, in platform and candidate, from Black Republicanism. No compromise will be entertained. The South knows its rights, and Harper's Ferry teaches she must maintain them. Should the Union survive the approaching Congress, the Charleston Convention will decide its fate. If the South is permitted by an existing Union to meet the northern democracy in Charleston, the consultation will be calm and deliberate. The first men of the South will be there assembled. No scheming, plotting politician, seeking an opportunity to barter rights for public plunder, will be able to gratify his treasonable propensities; but in firmness and with dignity, the doctrine of intervention for protection will be insisted upon by the South, and the representatives of the northern democracy will decide the issue. If for intervention, the nomination will be proceeded with; if against intervention, there will be a leave-taking, a bidding adieu, a separation, a disunion, a succession, that will be not only prognostic but potent—a shadow of coming events cast warningly before to inform and deter. The Democratic candidates must be presented to the people of all the States upon the ultimatum of the Constitution as understood and decided by the Supreme Court. If there are not conservatives enough at the North to elect conservative candidates, there will scarcely be found conservatives enough at the South to save the Union."

The Empire of God.

Professor Mitchell, in closing his series of lectures on astronomy, said: "Now, my friends, I must close this long course of lectures. We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We have reached beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We have found other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains—whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No; it is not the work of chance. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmography of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect?"

"Around and above us rise sun and system, cluster and universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast Empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from sun to sun and from system to system—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity."

How "Old Brown" made the Missourians Pray.

The following laughable incident is related in connection with Brown's capture of a Missouri party who had pursued him and his collection of "Chatties" to the Nebraska frontier last March:

The Sheriff, seeing the old man's preparations, with prudential courage, wheeled around his horse and galloped off. Dozens of his followers imitated his example. There was one company, however, that refused to fly. Brown captured them.

He caused them to dismount and put the negroes on their horses.

They swore again.

"Kneel!" said the old man, as he drew his pistol with stern earnestness, which left no room to doubt his intention.

They knelt down, and he ordered them to pray!

He detained them for five days, and compelled them to pray night and morning.

They never swore again in Old Brown's presence!

They returned to Atchison; one of them indiscreetly told the story; the ridicule that overwhelmed the others, compelled them, were recently informed, to leave the town.

TO SAVE SWEET POTATOES.—We find the following plan highly recommended: "Always dig before frost, and when the ground is very dry; have your beds ready by raising them about ten inches above the ground; then put on straw about one foot deep; then put on the potatoes, about twenty-five bushels in a bank; next put straw about one foot deep, on them; then dirt at least one foot thick, well packed. Shelter them with a good shelter to keep them dry. Leave no air hole, but rather try to exclude the air entirely. Potatoes thus put up are not affected by the changes of weather, which generally rot the potato. If dug when the ground is wet, they are almost certain to rot."

INSANITY OF GERRIT SMITH.—We are greatly pained to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-headed but sadly erratic philanthropist, became on Monday last an inmate of the New York State Lunatic Asylum, where it has been found necessary to place him, on account of marked insanity. We learn that he is very violent and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of long-seated and marked disease.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald*, Nov. 9th.

Horrors of Slavery.

In the experience of Dr. Doy, recently rescued from the St. Joseph, (Mo.) jail, is the following horrible incident, related to a correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*:

A negro had been caught somewhere, and was brought to jail. Negroes are confined in the lower part, and communication could be had through a hole for a stove pipe.—Through this Dr. Doy learned from the captive that he was a free man, and had been born in the State of Illinois. He had—*Age*—80 acres of land, with some improvements near Aurora, Ill. He had come to Kansas to look at it, expecting to locate there, and on his return was seized by the Missouri thieves and hurried to the county jail. The day after his arrival he was taken out, stripped, and tied to a post. The iron whip, with its sharp knife edges and dagger points, was produced. The Sheriff or his deputy and other legal parties were present. The unfortunate negro was asked where his master lived, and what that master's name was, and when he ran away. In vain did the poor fellow tell his story. It was received with oaths and abuse, and he was told "that kind of style would not do," while the instrument of torture was applied ferociously to his naked back. Blood started from his wounds, and the victim writhed and shrieked in his agony. At last there was a cessation, and the question:

"Well, tell us who's your master, and when you ran away."

"I told you I never had a master. I was born in Illinois. I am free."

"Oh, d—n you, we have heard such stories as that before. Give it to him, Tom, till he confesses."

Again the horrid scene was renewed. It was in the jail court—in the precincts of justice, and the prisoners through the grates could witness it. In agony the writhing victim cried for them to tell him what they wanted.

The questions were repeated, but the immediate horrors being respite a little the trembling, bleeding victim hesitated to repeat the words that would consign him to a fate even more horrible than death. Again a torrent of profanity was poured on him. He had fallen down, as the cords had been somewhat loosened.

"Put him up! put him up! we'll bring him to yet; and the poor, crushed victim again was made a withe under the horrid torture. At last, almost too faint to shriek, bleeding and weak, the execution was once more stopped, and questions asked:

"Who's your master?"

"Oh, anybody you like."

"Well, was it Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, yes."

"Of Calpepper Co., Virginia?"

"Well, just as you like; I don't know any counties in Virginia; I never was there."

"What?"

"Yes, yes," cried the victim, "that was the county—Virginia."

"And it is rather more than six months since you ran away from him?"

"Yes, Yes," and the shrinking man without a hope in all the world of escape from despotism around him, let his head fall forward on his breast, and his agony broke forth in sobs.

"You have got all that noted down?"—said one of the villains to the sheriff.

"Yes, all right."

The victim was unfatigued and led away. It was nearly two weeks before his wounds were well enough for him to travel, and then he was taken away. Where?

The *Tribune* publishes the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Theodore Parker, dated at Montreux, Switzerland, September 26.

"I intend to pass the winter in Rome, from the end of October to the end of March. In many respects I am better than when I left New York. I have gained nearly twenty pounds of flesh since I reached Europe, going up from 140 to 164 pounds. The increase of strength is quite equal to the gain in weight. But the ugly cough is a good deal worse than when I left New England, and the voice feeble and yet more good-for-nothing. I am always cheerful, but do not run over with animal life as formerly, when I had rather run than walk, and rather jump than run. I shall never preach again, I suppose, and accordingly have resigned my ministerial place in Boston, with what disappointment and sorrow of heart you may well guess. But 'Thy will be done,' has ever been my chief, if not my only prayer. The Kingdom will come, perhaps better without me than with my interference. So I complain not. Life seems rather dull, as you may suppose, when I turn all my energies on myself, and use the whole of my steam to help fire up my own engine. But I can't help it, and so make the best of a calamity. I live in the handsomest part of Switzerland, the handsomest country in the world, and in the midst of the happiest people."